Smith's Report

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APOLOGIZE MY ASS

David Stein Cole

*(**Note:** this article was published on Stein's Website RepublicanPartyAnimals.org . It's the first time he has written about this affair. His blog posts and videos have been featured on Fox News, The Rush Limbaugh Show, O'Reilly.com, HotAir.com, The Daily Caller, The Washington Times, Breitbart.com, Human Events, Ace of Spades HQ, Gawker, The Weekly Standard, The L.A. Jewish Journal, Pat Dollard, The Daily Telegraph (UK), The Blaze, FrontPage Magazine, The Washington Examiner, Commentary, American Thinker, Pajamas Media, RightNetwork.com, MichelleMalkin.com, Newsbusters, the History News Network, WND, Steven Emerson's Investigative Project on Terrorism, Moonbattery, The Larry Elder Show, Eyeblast, The Orange County Register, The Orange County Weekly, Creeping Sharia, Jerusalem Pulse Radio, AllahPundit, the Media Research Center, NewsReal Blog, Right Pundits, SodaHead, Islamist Watch, Politifi, The Hope for America, Jihad Watch, Atlas Shrugs, Right Wing News, and even (God help us) The Huffington Post.)*

Food Network superstar Paula Deen is the latest celebrity to trot out an "apology video." Apparently, she used racial epithets in the presence of her employees, one of whom is currently suing her. I don't know the details of the case, and I don't want to know. The lawsuit will be decided by a court, not by me (and not by you). But I do want to say that I'm sick to death of people being forced to publicly apologize.

Perhaps it's because I was one of those people.

Two months ago, I was "outed" as having spent five years, from 1990 through 1995, making various claims, on shows like 60 Minutes, The Phil Donahue Show, 48 Hours, and Montel Williams, regarding the Auschwitz camp and its role and

David

function during the Holocaust.

What I said was controversial, but my views were based on what I perceived to be the facts. I never uttered a single word that was in any way hateful or pro-Nazi, because I am the exact opposite of those things.

After a large monetary bounty was put on my head by a violent extremist group, I changed my name, and spent the last eighteen years as David Stein. I built a very successful GOP event-organizing operation, and my political writing was carried by every major conservative site on the 'net, from FrontPageMag to Commentary and The Weekly Standard, from the Breitbart sites to The Daily Caller and HotAir, from The Blaze to The Washington Times and OReilly.com, and on shows including Rush Limbaugh, Fox News, and

the Larry Elder Show (where I had become an occasional guest…he and I were even working on a documentary film together).

All of that came crashing down two months ago when a vindictive young woman who I had been financially supporting for five years objected to being cut off from the Dave gravy train. She knew of my past (I never kept it a secret from my close friends and loved ones), and she "outed" me.

I was now "David Cole, the Jewish 'Holocaust revisionist' who'd been 'hiding' as David Stein." The story of my "outing" was carried by The Huffington Post, Yahoo News, AOL News, The Guardian, Gawker, MSN, The Washington Times, American Spectator, and PJ Media.

Half of my sizeable network of (now former) friends disowned me, sent me angry emails, called me "racist," "anti-Semitic," and "pro-Nazi," and even pressured other GOPs to stay away from me.

But the other half just wanted to hear me apologize for the work I did 20 years ago. "Just *apologize* for the stuff you said when you were 22 years old, and all will be well! Just apologize!" Several of these former friends went a good distance to try to strong-arm an apology out of me. There were even a few threats made.

Well, *apologize my ass.* I refused. I would not become a monkey dancing for the "apology police" organ grinders.

To begin with, what I said 20 years ago is either right or wrong. If I erred, I'll cop to it. But admitting an error and apologizing for it are two completely different things. If a mathematician gets an equation wrong, he's not expected to fall all over himself apologizing. He's only expected to recognize the error and learn from it. You don't write history books by yelling names at people. Trying to convince a historian he's erred by yelling "racist" is like trying to bake a cake by screaming "YOU STUPID CAKE." It's just not how these things work.

> ***Do* the right thing. The apologies are nonsense. But they serve a dual purpose – they allow people like Akin and Dean to *appear* to be doing the right thing without actually *doing* anything but swallowing a bit of pride, and they allow "advocacy groups" to feel like big shots for forcing famous people to bow down to them.**

The problem with the "apology police" is that once you give in to them, they never leave you alone. You see that every time a comedian apologizes for making a "racist" or "homophobic" joke. Conan O'Brien is the king of apologies. He loves giving them. And the more of them he gives, the more he's asked to give. He apologized for Sarah Silverman when she made a "racist" joke on his show, and soon enough he was apologizing again to the entire population of Quebec for the fact that Triumph the Insult Comedy Dog (you know, the puppet that *insults people*…it's right there in his name) dared to make jokes about Montreal.

When comedian Tracy Morgan apologized for making a "homophobic" joke in 2011, at his next show (and there's video of this) audience members began demanding apologies right then and there for every slightly off-color or edgy joke he did.

He brought it on himself. The apology police only go after those who they know will buckle. I call it the "Shalit Syndrome."

In January 2006, Today Show film critic Gene Shalit gave a negative review to Brokeback Mountain. That same week, In These Times published an exposé of Iranian madman Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's anti-gay "pogrom," in which gay men were being tortured and killed. Who did GLAAD go after? Shalit, of course. Why? Because GLAAD knew that Shalit, the proud father of an openly gay son who had written time and again about his dad's unfailing support, would cave. Shalit, as far from a "homophobe" as is humanly possible, would be so emotionally devastated by being called one, *of course* he'd apologize for any offense his review might have given the gay community. Ahmadinejad, on the other hand, would have told GLAAD to shove it.

As expected, Shalit apologized, and GLAAD proudly trumpeted how it made a decent man cower before its might. Meanwhile, the Iranian government continued to murder gays. But so what, right? GLAAD got its apology. And isn't that all that matters?

The apology police are cowards. They go after people who are easily bullied. That's why I love South Park. Parker and Stone never apologize. I recall reading a blog from a "handicapped rights" advocate after the South Park episode "Crippled Summer" aired in 2010. The author was lamenting how Parker and Stone chose to portray the handicapped children in the episode as grotesque incarnations of Looney Tunes cartoon characters. But at the end of the post, the author admit-

ted, "there's no sense in protesting, since those guys never apologize."

Exactly. If you don't apologize, you eventually get left alone.

Now, I'm not saying that celebrity apologies are always unwarranted. When actor Isaiah Washington used an anti-gay slur during a heated, off-camera argument with a Grey's Anatomy castmate, he absolutely owed that castmate, and the entire cast and crew of the show, an apology for his behavior. He did *not* owe a public apology to every LGBT person on earth. If Paula Deen did everything her former employee alleges, she certainly owes an apology to that person, and to the other employees. And she should rightfully pay compensation for having created a hostile work environment.

But she doesn't owe me an apology, or you, for things she said privately behind the closed doors of her restaurant's kitchen.

When senate candidate Todd Akin made his unbelievably stupid comments about rape last year, he responded with an apology video. And my point of view, which I made quite clear to my GOP allies at the time, was that I didn't give a crap about his apology. He needed to drop out of the race, period. To hell with the apology; he needed to do the right thing.

But far too many of my former colleagues thought the public prostration was good enough. Yet another reason I despise these public apologies. They've become an easy out. If Paula Deen is sincere about her apology, she ought to settle up with the former employee and spare her the cost of a trial. Don't apologize to *me*, Paula; I barely know who you are. Settle with the person to whom you directed the comments you supposedly regret.

Do the right thing. The apologies are nonsense. But they serve a dual purpose – they allow people like Akin and Dean to *appear* to be doing the right thing without actually *doing* anything but swallowing a bit of pride, and they allow "advocacy groups" to feel like big shots for forcing famous people to bow down to them.

It's a circus sideshow, and one that's gaining more and more freaks and ticket-buyers every year. I refuse to be a part of it.

My situation involves matters that I believed to be historically factual. If people think I erred, they can show me my mistakes, and I will admit any error. But apologize? Cave in because someone calls me "racist," or because my conservative friends apparently believe that recantation at the point of a sword is how historical debates are settled? Hell no. Never.

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Until April 19, 2013, David Stein ran the Republican Party Animals organization. These days, he runs SteinCo Recyclable Bottle Reclamation Service, and he can often be found in Beverly Hills on the eve of trash pick-up day, combing recycle bins for redeemable bottles and cans, and leftover drops of liquor.

Recent News and Developments

Jonas E. Alexis at *Veterans Today*

The publication of Jonas E. Alexis's columns in *Veterans Today* represents a powerful movement of recognition for Holocaust revisionist ideas on the Internet. There is no professor at any university in America who would dare to express himself with the frank, honest audacity of Jonas E. Alexis on this taboo subject. *Veterans Today* is to be congratulated for publishing him as well as a number of other "radical" columnists. Following are links to five columns by Alexis focusing on the Holocaust question published in *VT* over the past weeks. This is what I call a revisionist "development."

Jonas E. Alexis

Denying Holocaust Forgeries, Hoaxes, and Fabrications "The Holocaust has become a secular religion, with state support in the form of a national museum."

The Rise and Fall of the Holocaust Industry "The Holocaust has become a secular religion, with state support in the form of a national museum."

The Curious Case of David Irving (Part I) "Arguably the most notorious and controversial

historian of our time is David Irving, who has been called 'anti-Semite,' a 'neo-Nazi,' a 'racist,' and a 'Holocaust denier.' Former news anchor and political commentator Keith Olberman nominated Irving as one of the 'world's worst' people in 2010."

The Curious Case of David Irving (Part II) "It is highly dangerous to make objectivity in this sense dependent on the existence of the scholarly community. There was, after all, a scholarly community in Germany in the 1920s which remained in existence, largely unaltered in personnel and ideology, under Hitler's Third Reich."

Was Pope Pius XII a Nazi Collaborator? "The Church indeed has had and will continue to have issues with revolutionary and subversive activities, but the church has never espoused hatred or even condoned physical persecutions against the Jews."

I don't want to suggest that Jonas Alexis writes only about Holocaust revisionism. Following are the titles of only a few of his other columns published in recent weeks that will give you an idea of the breadth of his interests. You will find them all here under JONAS.

http://tinyurl.com/lmn4zwo

The Jewification Process Through Arts, Films, and Movies (Part ll)

Ayn Rand's Objectivism and Sexual Calculus (Part l)

Jewish Slavery in Western Culture (Part lll)

Islam and the West

Jewish Denial – Why They Attack Others

Breaking News: Bill Kristol Is Still An Enemy of the Founding Fathers.

Pornography in the French Revolution and Abu Ghraib

An Open Letter to Sarah Palin

Jonas E. Alexis studied mathematics and philosophy. Two of his main interests at present are the history of Christianity and the history of ideas. He is currently teaching mathematics in South Korea. --

(Ahhh. Korea. The memories!)

Most Recent Stats for *Inconvenient History: A Quarterly Journal for Free Historical Inquiry*

Here are the numbers so far for 2013:

23,949 unique visitors to the site

72,071 page views

Top 5 countries that our visitors come from:

1. US
2. UK
3. Germany
4. Canada
5. Australia

Most visitors use FIREFOX as thier browser.

Our top 5 articles (of 2013) have been:

1. Demystification of the Birth and Funding of the NSDAP, by V.K. Clarke (1,629)
2. Adolf Hitler's Armed Forces: A Triumph of Diversity?, by V.K. Clarke (1,387)
3. Bishop Williamson Vindicated, Then Ousted, by Nicholas Kollerstrom (1,181)
4. Reexamining the "Gas Chamber" of Dachau, by Thomas Dalton (1,104)
5. The Three Photographs of an Alleged Gas Van, by Klaus Schwensen (1,032)

For the same period in 2012 (Jan.1–June 1) we had 17,628 unique visitors. 58,228 page views. So we have a gain of 6,321 visitors or an increase of some 35%.

THE JAN KARSKI INSTITUTE FOR HOLOCAUST EDUCATION

SUMMER CERTIFICATE PROGRAM

Holocaust and Genocide Studies for Educators

Georgetown University July 8-14, 2012

This is a "heads-up" to let you know that we will be participating in this Karski event for "Educators" using modern technologies to reach Georgetown "Educators" individually. In fact, our outreach to these folk at Georgetown and other campuses and venues as well has already begun as I write this note. –Bradley.

"What Soldiers Do," with Comment by Robert Faurisson

A book review in *The Daily Mail*, forwarded to Robert Faurisson by Arthur Butz, prompted the recall of an old memory by Faurisson.

(Excerpted from *the* Daily Mail Friday, 7 June 2013)

"A new book, *What Soldiers Do: Sex and the American GI in World War II France*, has revealed the dark side of Europe's liberation after the Second World War.

"Professor Mary Louise Roberts, from the University of Wisconsin, said within months of D-Day ordinary French women came to fear their American 'liberators.' She tells how, by the summer of 1944, large numbers of women in Normandy filed complaints about rapes by US soldiers.

"In the cities of Le Havre and Cherbourg, bad behavior was common.

"Le Havre's mayor, Pierre Voisin, complained to Colonel Thomas Weed, the commander of US troops in the region. 'This is a regime of terror, imposed by bandits in uniform. Scenes contrary to decency are unfolding in this city day and night . . . . it is not only scandalous but intolerable' that 'youthful eyes are exposed to such public spectacles.'

"The mayor suggested the Americans set up a brothel outside the city to avoid public outrage and contain the spread of sexually transmitted diseases. However, although US officers publicly denounced the behavior, they did little to curtail it.

"The book also claims the US army 'demonstrated a deep and abiding racism,' suggesting they pinned a disproportionate number of rapes on black GIs. Documents show that of 152 troops disciplined by the army for rape, 130 were black."

Faurisson wrote in reply:

"I remember how afraid French women were of the GIs in Orléans, in September 1944. I was 15. One evening, at perhaps 7pm, at the house of our friends the Signeux, there was a lady of probably between 40 and 50 who realized it was time to go home but was afraid of running into American soldiers on the way. I decided to accompany her on foot. Suddenly along our way we found an American officer, obviously drunk. He stopped us. He wanted the lady. She screamed and ran. The American tried to catch her. I tried to stop him and we nearly had a fight. When I saw that the lady was far enough away I ran as well. I got to her house. I rang the bell. She and her husband didn't want to open the door. I turned to leave but I heard a noise. The door was half-open. I saw them paralyzed by fear. They never thanked me.

"The German soldiers had the reputation of being '*korrekt'*. One day, in Paris, I saw a French civilian, obviously drunk, who stopped a German officer on the sidewalk. He was insulting him. The German, trying to calm him down, told him that war was '*un grand malheur*'. He got down from the sidewalk and went his way. Thirty meters further on there was a '*Commissariat de police*'. He could have had the drunkard arrested by the police.

"Now, believe me, until the 8th of May 1945, when I was 16, I kept hating the Germans and loving the Americans, the British, and the Soviets. On the 8th of May 1945, when I heard the bells chiming for our 'victory', my father entered the room I shared with my brother Philippe, who was 14 (I was the eldest of seven). He asked me: 'Robert, are you happy?' Finding the question rather indiscreet I drily answered 'Yes'. And suddenly I thought: 'This very day of rejoicing for us must be, for those Germans who fought so courageously, a terrible day'. For the first time since 1939, when I was 10, I felt that my enemies were human beings.

"I mentioned our friends the Signeux. My father's best friend was Pierre Signeux, a physician in Orléans. My best friend was Christian Signeux (he was a year older than I). One day in 1940 Christian, who was 11 or 12, wrote on a wall (perhaps the wall of the *Kommandantur* itself): *Hitler salaud* (Hitler bastard). He was arrested. A German officer phoned Christian's father. He summoned him. He said to both, father and son:

"'You might be against us and against Hitler but you have no right to consider Hitler a "bastard".' And he went on explaining what Hitler, in his opinion, had done for his Volk. The doctor went back home with his son without any more trouble.

"Best wishes. RF"

The Last Refuge of a Scoundrel

Jett Rucker

My father, who was from Brooklyn, once told me of an accident he saw between a city bus and a garbage truck. He noticed that there were only four or five people on the bus, which was only slightly damaged, but one of the passengers began writhing in pain, wailing that his neck hurt, and his back was broken. Very quickly, he noted, the other passengers, one by one according to each one's wittedness, also began similar plaints, one of them even getting down on the floor in his agony.

Then my father noted a passerby getting *on* the crippled bus who quickly adopted the poses affected by those who had actually been aboard at the time of the accident. Then another passerby did the same, and by the time police arrived at the scene and called ambulances, there were more grievously injured people on the bus than the bus had seats. Ambulances carried off the victims for more than an hour after the massacre. My studious father checked for blood after the bus had been emptied, and found none.

I think my father intended the story, which he might well have exaggerated, but not by much, as a lesson in the human capacity for adventitious duplicity. As he explained, the people who actually had been on the bus, but had not been hurt, were run-of-the-mill frauds—common, and even understandable. But the ones who had gotten onto the bus after its accident, now these, he pointed out, *these* were the aggravated frauds. These were the ones we all need to watch out for, and oppose when we encounter them.

I have since come to take the story as emblematic of many such incidents both large and small, but the biggest such caper I've ever detected is the vaunted Holocaust of the European Jews during World War II.

Veterans Today has recently carried an excellent compendium of Holocaust fakery in Jonas Alexis's excellent "Denying Holocaust Forgeries, Hoaxes, and Fabrications," but it perforce overlooks that most numerous form of Holofakery, the "I was there" lie on the part of people who do not carry it to the point of writing books that become best-sellers on the strength of the unfailing gullibility of Oprah Winfrey and many, many others.

One such, who did carry it to the point of a public speech during his first presidential campaign in 2008, is our own Commander in Chief, Barack Obama. He didn't, of course, say that he had been in a concentration camp, but rather, that his *uncle* had been among the American soldiers who *liberated* one.

Barack Obama, of course, has no uncle who ever served in any branch of the US armed forces. But, just as good, no American soldier so much as laid eyes on Auschwitz while on duty. The camp's "liberation" came as the opening of the 44-year-long occupation of Poland by the Soviet Union. The inmates no doubt received far better care from their German captors than they could expect from their Red Army liberators, possibly explaining the hasty flight westward—into Germany—that many of them undertook as soon as the fighting died down.

This account is not offered to acquaint any reader with the idea that Barack Obama, like virtually all his fellow politicians, tells lies—both transparent ones, like these, and others impossible to falsify because of the opaque veil of secrecy he and his predecessors have drawn over increasing sectors of government activities. Rather, this report is submitted to demonstrate how the story of the Holocaust as hatched in wartime under the aegis of Allied propaganda and institutionalized shortly afterwards in the travesty known as the Nuremberg and other war-crimes trials, has long since become the tool of knaves and scoundrels seeking the power they need to pursue concealed, destructive agendas of their own.

Above all, this already-venerable legend of spectacular cruelty on the part of Germans toward Jews has served the Israeli state from even before its bloody establishment, and both sustained it and provided it with irreproachable excuses for the program of conquest and subjugation it has pursued since it first promised in 1948 to become "a light unto nations."

Many other lesser politicians have ridden this juggernaut of conscience into office even while writers and plagiarizers such as Elie

Wiesel have amassed Nobel Prizes along with wealth and fame from it. The late Tom Lantos, Congressman from California, claimed status as a Holocaust Survivor on the basis of a sojourn he took, allegedly at gunpoint, but possibly in search of a better diet, from his native Budapest to a nearby work camp, from which he was returned (unharmed) in well under a year. Of course, his return is styled an escape in his biography.

Closer to the Obama "my (nonexistent) relative was there" is Dov Hikind, a member since 1983 of the New York General Assembly, who claims Holocaust survivorship for both of his parents and has distinguished himself through a panoply of parochial stunts of which perhaps the best is getting banks in his Brooklyn district to waive wire-transfer fees on the monthly Holocaust-reparations payments received by so many of his heavily Jewish constituency. No doubt his own parents have both benefitted from this as well as other such policies instituted by their son, the Assemblyman.

The Holocaust has served as such a powerful political battering ram for so long it is impossible to catalog all the candidacies it has buttressed in the US as well as other countries, nor of course all the official perfidy committed by these particular candidates, who may as a group have been even more nefarious than the general run of politicians, a low standard by any count.

But it's clear that the bus wreck has been filled many times over, and the power and protection of the Holocaust legend is such that it will be filled many times again before its political serviceability finally peters out.

How I Became a Revisionist

Siegfried Verbeke

Many revisionists have a strange or unusual background, one which would never have predicted that they would join with such a group of "masochists." My story is of the same kind.

My parents were born and lived in Antwerp, in the center of the Jewish neighborhood, together with some ten to fifteen thousand mainly *Chassidim* Jews. Contrary to how it was in France, Germany, Poland, etc. there was no anti-Semitism in the Low Countries, as the Netherlands and "Belgium" together were then called. The Catholic Flemish people lived with the Antwerp Jews, who were largely involved with the diamond trade and cutting, and which provided many Flemish people also a good living.

In May 1940 the Germans arrived and after a few days Belgium was overrun and our country came under a German military government (*Militärverwaltung*). In France and Holland the Germans installed a *Zivilverwaltung*, which was stricter and less lenient than what was imposed on us.

The state of Belgium is an artificial construction, composed of two cultures, and constructed after the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte. The southern part of Belgium is French-speaking, and impregnated by the ideals of the French Revolution. In the northern part of Belgium live the Germanic-rooted Flemish Dutch-speaking folk. From the start of the state of Belgium in 1830 a Flemish autonomist movement (similar to how it was in Québec, or with the Basques, Catalans, etc.) came up, becoming more and more powerful.

My parents were not politically involved. They didn't join the many Flemish pro-German and National-Socialist formations. Nevertheless, the Flemish population in general sustained the German occupiers (because the Germans by the romantic tradition of the 19th century supported the "Germanic" Flemish people), but the situation changed after the Stalingrad defeat when it became clear that Germany was not going to win the war.

In our family four children were born during the war. My mother told me we were never hungry and did not have any other severe problems. Our house was situated next door to the Jewish main synagogue. In 1942 anti-Jewish demonstrations started, without much approval by the people. The synagogue was damaged, but our house (we had

Jewish tenants living with us) was not harmed.

In September 1942 the Germans and Antwerp police began to round up Jews, mostly those who had immigrated recently from Germany, Austria, and Eastern Europe, but not the Belgian Jews. And, of course, the Gestapo rang at our door too, which was opened by my (again pregnant) mother. My mother was not tall and did not look very Germanic. On the contrary! She was small and had long raven-black hair.

The Gestapo man asked her: "*Bist du Arier*?" ("Are you Aryan?"). My mother, being a simple housewife and not politically involved, was frightened by the question and thought this "being Aryan" must be something very bad. She answered: "*Nein*, No". Moreover, the Gestapo found a few Jewish women tenants in the basement where we lived, so my mother was suspected of "*Judenhilfe*" (helping to hide Jews). She was arrested and put in the prison at the Gestapo-headquarters in Antwerp, which was located in the same neighborhood in a building next to the house of her mother.

When my father came home that evening and the family told him what had happened, he went to the Gestapo-office to explain the situation. My father's mother was from Germany and my father himself was, before the war, a sales-representative of German manufacturers of glassware. The Gestapo made no problems, they were kind and very correct, and they apologized. And so my mother had the good fortune to see me (and her 3 other little children) the day after!

None of this is a big deal but it makes clear that I was not at all raised in a political right-wing or National Socialist or racist family. We were just traditional Catholics, like almost everybody in the Flemish middle-class. We did not treat much with politics and, being Flemish, we were rather positive towards the Germans who had granted a lot of political rights and benefits to the Flemish Movement. For National-Socialist Germany, Flanders belonged to their *Germanische Gemeinschaft*—the Germanic Community/commonwealth.

Anti-Semitism is a strange phenomenon for me. When I was a child I saw those orthodox Jews every day in the streets around me. The *Chassidim* are special (not to say "weird"), but for me they were an everyday experience. When you grow up with people, it's impossible to hate them, because they are too familiar. Moreover, those people were peaceful, hard-working, living apart in their own small world, and disturbing nobody.

After the war a *tsunami* of political violence flooded over Flanders, especially over those who had participated in the Flemish Movement. Approximately 160.000 persons were charged and/or put in prisons for months, some for years, while others lost their jobs, their houses, their political rights, and were outlawed. I have seen how even in Catholic schools they pestered and mistreated children of collaborators, and this revolted me profoundly. Seeing this was the beginning of my political (and later revisionist) awakening.

When I was 11 years old my father died. I was away at boarding school at the time and I do not remember him well. But he left me, unintentionally, an important legacy. After his death I left the boarding school and went back to that huge house, next to the synagogue, and explored all the rooms, attics, cellars, where I discovered one day a lot of copies of the famous monthly German propaganda magazine *Signaal*. This was to my eyes better stuff than the Old and New Testament, the Catechism, etc. with which our priest-teachers were indoctrinating us every day (while at the same time they were hypocritically discriminating against the children of the collaborators).

I could not stop looking at all of those bright Germans, the soldiers, the boys and girls of the *Hitlerjugend* in nice uniforms, the *Stukas*, U-boats, the pictures of farmers and workingmen, full-color pictures and illustrations, actors, buildings, etc. I was without doubt compellingly, esthetically brainwashed by that magazine *Signaal*. After a short time I left the Catholic youth formation, *Christus Rex*, and joined a small Flemish nationalist youth organization, and later on their political parties.

In those years I, like everybody, believed in the gas-chambers, and could only raise the "argument" that there were not 6 million killed, but "only" one million. This was not really a successful argument! The whole gas-chamber hoax was a heavy burden for me, because our enemies condemned our political aspirations by saying: "Nationalism ends in gas-chambers." What could we answer? Then came the first researchers—Maurice Bardèche and Paul Rassinier in France, Peter Kleist in Germany. And then suddenly Richard Harwood, Thies Christophersen, Stäglich, Butz,

Faurisson, Zündel and many others. Immediately I started to translate and publish in Dutch and later in French and German: It was the beginning of a long odyssey, which I followed for almost 40 years. I'm now 72 and still in the "revisionist business."

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When, a few years ago, I was arrested and put in jail in Heidelberg, I asked Michael Rosenthal, a German-Jewish lawyer, to be my *Pflichtverteidiger* (court-appointed lawyer). He accepted. I told him about my mother and my youth and he represented me in such a manner that I was the only revisionist publisher in those days who was released without being convicted, while all others got prison-sentences. Thank you God/*Jahweh* (and Mr. Rosenthal, of course)!

Modern Jewry is not the Jewry I experienced when I was a child. Modern Jewry is fanatical, racist and mainly Zionist. In my opinion the Jews have chosen the wrong road by devoting themselves to a racist Zionism, that which is practiced by Israel. Modern Jews have an illness. The word for it in German is: *Überherrlichkeit* (hubris) They are brainwashed with the dogma that they are God's chosen people and that God has given to them exclusively a beloved country. It creates a situation whereby nobody likes them. Unfortunately, *Jahweh* made a big mistake. He allowed Arabs to take over that beloved country for fifteen centuries. It doesn't look as though Obama is going to make much of a "change" in that mess.

FRAGMENTS: Another Ordinary Life -- Bradley Smith

*** I'm hearing a lot of talk about how American veterans are committing suicide while on duty and after they are back in civilian life. But the military says that its suicide rate remains lower than that of America's civilian population. The AP cites the Pentagon as saying "the civilian suicide rate for males aged 17-60 was 25 per 100,000 in 2010, the latest year for which such statistics are available. That compares with the military's rate in 2012 of 17.5 per 100,000."

So what are we talking about?

When I was in Vietnam I didn't hear any talk about suicide issues, tho later I did. When I was in Korea none of us ever talked about it. Or thought about it so far as I was aware. There was one of us there in the mountains who wanted out. One afternoon in a small clearing in the forest he chose to sit on the edge of some kind of hole, his legs inside, pulled the pin from a fragmentation grenade and dropped it in. The explosion blew him backwards ass over teakettle (to coin a phrase) but oddly did not scratch him. He was not sent to the rear for psychiatric counseling, and he was not forced to continue to carry a rifle and stay in combat with the rest of us. The captain simply assigned him to the platoon of Korean bearers who carried our food and ammunition up and down the mountain trails behind us. The American was tall and blond and we did laugh at him a bit seeing him among the short, dark-haired Koreans, but none of us held anything against him or ever said anything to embarrass him.

Nowadays he would have been lifted out by helicopter and flown to an army hospital someplace for long chats with any number of shrinks and a couple sacks of pills to calm him down and cheer him up.

*** Still, last night the left foot was cold. I couldn't sleep. The right foot was okay. Only the left one was cold. I had to get up and put a couple socks on it, after which I was able to go to sleep. Sounds a little goofy to me. Maybe I'm gonna need some help myself.

*** Carlos Porter and I were chatting via email a while back when he had occasion to remark that William L. Shirer had told people for 30 years Hitler was a "carpet eater," which Porter termed a "gross mistranslation." He also noted that Shirer was almost single-handedly responsible for the universal delusion that the Nazis claimed that the Germans were a "Master Race, a complete lie based on another mistranslation. Nobody ever made such a claim, but everybody in the world believes it."

I too have heard these things all my life but never looked into them. I asked Carlos to comment.

Porter wrote: "I've been thinking about this for years. I spent most of the 1980s reading the Nuremberg transcripts, then went to work as a translator for over 20 years, and when I found that *Herrenvolk* was supposed to be a translation of Master Race, or the other way around, I was astonished. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe my eyes. For years I kept wondering what would correspond to Master Race in German. I couldn't think of anything that really fit. I still can't.

"The principal objection against the *Lebensborn* by most liberal writers is that there was an '*Ausleseprinzip*', a selection principle, that they were elitist, they didn't accept just anybody. So really I think the closest thing to Master Race in German would be something like '*auserlesenes* Volk' or '*ausgewählte* Volk', a Chosen People! You see how hypocritical this is. (Of course selection in a concentration camp means killing. That's different.)

Even at Nuremberg, they never claimed there was any Master Race Principle, they just used it as a blanket jargon-term of accusation alleging racism, military aggressiveness, and so on, things that are not unique to Nazis or Germans. If Master Race means anything, why not introduce the original term, Herrenvolk, into English as a foreign word, like 'hubris'? If it means anything at all, it's essentially the same thing, but none of these things are uniquely Nazi or German.

"In the meantime, there are still 100 million Master Race hits on Google and 200 million on Yahoo.

"Hitler said some dumb things, like saying that we all feel that at some time in the future the world will come to be ruled by one dominant race. Everybody does feel this, and always has. At the moment it seems like it will be the Chinese. This is not a uniquely National Socialist idea. It is as old as mankind.

"Anybody can take a few short paragraphs or sentences out of context from a 700-page book, manipulate the translation, and presto! World War! It's something like how Ahmadinejad's 'Wipe Israel off the map' quote is mistranslated and misused."

*** Jewish "eyewitnesses" to German monstrosity during WWII are oftentimes demonstrable liars and psychologically impaired in ways too obvious to deny. Other Jewish eyewitnesses tell stories that are largely true though in a context of German monstrosity that usually cannot be shown to have actually happened. There are old and very old Jewish women and men now who go about the country talking to high school students and synagogue audiences remembering things sometimes the way they happened and sometimes in ways that they could not have happened.

A few years ago I devoted some time to exposing the fraud and falsehood in widely accepted Holocaust survivor eyewitness testimony. The Philip Muellers, the Abraham Bombas, the Yankiel Wierniks, the Mel Mermelsteins. They and other mostly Jewish "eyewitnesses" to German monstrosities exposed themselves as being morally and intellectually corrupt in ways so obvious it's beyond refutation.

Still today there are "eyewitnesses" who have no reputation in the literature but go about telling oftentimes crazy or demonstrably false stories. When I read what these folk are saying, sometimes there is the suggestion that while what they are testifying to might be untrue, they are not lying, or no longer lying, that they have come to actually believe what they are saying.

In short, they are "innocents" basing their stories on lies they heard years ago or on real memory that is not dependable. To that point, below are the opening sentences from my first book, *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist*. They refer to an incident that took place with what turned out to be a remarkable fellow one night in 1979 on the mezzanine of a Los Angeles hotel during a convention being held by the Libertarian Party. It turns out to be an illustration of memory that is not dependable.

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I PAUSED TO ACCEPT a photocopy of a newspaper article he was handing out when he quickly started telling me that the stories that six million Jews had been exterminated during World War II are not true.

I felt stunned, as if Buck Rogers had somehow come down from the 21st century and zapped me with a beam from his ray gun. I had heard about people like the little man who was confronting me, who deny that the Holocaust happened, but I had never actually seen one.

He was a small, thin, middle-aged man with a white pointy beard, clear blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. The picture of health. He talked fast (though in a well-mannered, articulate way) as if he were afraid he would lose me.

In the first instant I didn't truly grasp what he was saying; then I understood that he was telling me that *there had been no Nazi gas chambers—none*—that the stories I had heard all my life about the gas chambers were meant to gain sympathy for Jews at the expense of Germans. I felt my heart change its beat and pick up speed. I felt sweat appear on the palms of my hands.

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Most of that story is true. One part is not. The man who handed me the newspaper clipping was not a small man with a white pointy beard, clear blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. When David McCalden read what I had written, he corrected me. He explained that the two men who handed out the *Le Monde* article by Faurisson that afternoon and evening were himself and his friend John Bennett, an Australian. He said John Bennett didn't look anything like the man I had described. I protested. I was certain about what the man looked like. He had stood there before me. I had seen him. I could still see him in my mind's eye. McCalden laughed at me, insisted that it had to have been either himself or Bennett.

Sometime later, maybe a couple years, I met John Bennett at an IHR conference. He told me what McCalden had told me earlier. It was McCalden and he, Bennett, who had passed out that article that day at the Libertarian convention. I was shaking my head "no." We were both laughing. I was certain about what I had seen—the white pointy beard, bright blue eyes, the ruddy complexion. Nothing like the John Bennett who was there before me now. Later on I was to record an interview with Bennett while driving him someplace and we went over the story again. It was he, not a man with a white pointy beard and the rest of it.

The story had gotten to the place where I was forced to understand that in all likelihood my memory of my encounter with the man in question was, well, false. But how could that be? I had nothing to gain from this false memory. Yet to this day, when I recall the incident, now accepting the fact that the man who gave me the *Le Monde* article was John Bennett, in my mind's eye I still see the man with the white pointy beard, the clear blue eyes and the ruddy complexion. I accept the fact that it is an instance of false memory. I have no idea why it still exists after thirty-three years, why the brain produced it in the first place, what possible reason there could be for this particular false memory to persist.

With this one example of false memory, I place myself in the company of those Holocaust survivors who themselves are plagued with false memory. Filip Mueller might truly have "seen" buckets of human flesh jump about on the floor of German hospitals. Yankiel Wiernik may have truly "seen," in his mind's eye, the fetuses of Jewish ladies burning like torches in their exploded wombs. How could they ever forget such sights? How could they ever be convinced, once they had "seen" them, that they had not "seen" them? If I could see a man with a white pointy beard who did not exist, in place of the man who did and was there before me, could not Mueller and Wiernik and a boatload of other such Holocaust eyewitness crazies have actually seen what they claim to have seen?

What I am getting at here is that human memory sometimes recalls what truly happened, even about Germans, and sometimes it recalls something else. That being so, it is of some import for me to keep in mind that I share with even the craziest Holocaust survivor eyewitnesses a faculty that is imperfect, one that sometimes recalls with great clarity something that happened, and other times with great clarity something that did not happen. For me it suggests, once again, for what it's worth, that we are all in this together, revisionists and True Believers alike.

Note*: The above is a slightly edited version of a story I posted on my Blog.*

*** Received a message from UCLA. "Hi. This is Ho Joon Choi from the Daily Bruin Marketing at UCLA. There have been CODOH stickers (http://www.codoh.com) posted on UCLA kiosks on campus. Please do not advertise on the UCLA campus without authorization through the University. If this continues we would be forced to bill for the damage/cleanup cost/ advertising. Thank you."

I made a couple phone calls and was told that there are a lot of CODOH stickers all over UCLA. Other people write on them and around them with a big dark Sharpie marker with words like "Nazi," "Seig Heil," "Jew Killer," "Gay Killer," etc. Will they be billed? There are similar promotional items all over campus with a variety of messages and equally messy, but those appear to be ignored. Looks like we have an independent CODOH admirer doing this. CODOH has no responsibility.

Occurs to me that I should make these stickers available again and advertise them on the internet. I'll

add it to the to-do list. My to-do list is of a considerable length.

*** Well, I have committed myself to using Twitter, as Widmann advised me to do some time ago. Each morning when I go through my email I tweet on one of the stories. Today I tweeted "#UNESCO facilitates Open Education Resources (OER) for Saint Vincent and the Grendaines, but not in Europe or Israel." The "hash" mark in front of UNESCO is not a mistake. It's how the post connects with all others using Twitter and are "following" UNESCO.

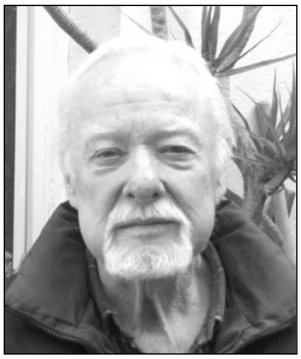
*** At the moment Rucker and I are in the initial steps of addressing some issues with The Karski Institute in Washington D.C. The idea is to use Karski as a stepping stone to . . . something else. No use in giving the game away. We'll see how it goes.

*** Many problems with Smith's Blog, but it looks like only this week it was straightened out. The story above re *Confessions* and my own experiences with "false memory" was my first new post.

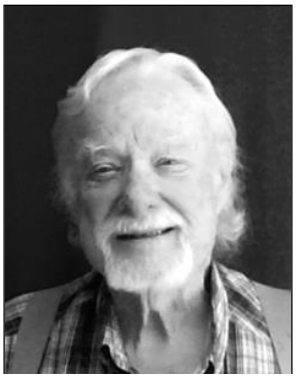
*** Did my first radio interview in maybe twenty years. Deanna Spingola on Republic Broadcasting. You can listen to it via http://www.spingola.com/SpingolaSpecials.html. In the 90s I did more than 400 interviews on AM and FM across the nation. I got tired of it. I think one error I made in those days was to place more emphasis on the "facts" re the Holocaust story rather than insisting on talking about taboo vs. free expression. Every once in a while I have been asked to do radio. Just didn't want to. Then a couple three weeks ago when the Karski project came up, it occurred to me that I might want to tie radio into it. Doing Ms. Spingola was a rehearsal for me. Turns out it was not difficult, I was very, perhaps too, loose, but it was easy. Looks like I will, I may, pursue radio. Interesting. To me.

*** Volume IV of *Inconvenient History: A Quarterly Journal for Free Historical Inquiry*, 2012, Numbers 1 through 4, has just been published. It's a remarkable volume, there is nothing like it being published anywhere, and there is no one even trying to do anything like it with regard to revisionism. You can find it online at: http://inconvenienthistory.com/index.php

*** A subscriber in Georgia writes that he is surprised to find that I am 83 years old. He's 82 but always thought he was older than me. He asks what year the photo on this newsletter, which is the same one we use on CODOHWeb, was taken. That photo was taken at the end of 2009.



Mr. Serious early in 2013



Mr. Have-a-Good-Time Later in 2013

Thank you for your support this last year. I needed it. I need it now.

Bradley

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